

SILENT



WORKER.

VOL. II.

TRENTON, N. J., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1888.

NO. 6.

On a Deaf Child.

She is my only girl;
I asked for her as some most precious thing,
For all unfinished was Love's jeweled ring,
Till set with this soft pearl.
The shade that time brought forth I could
not see;
How pure, how perfect seemed the gift to
me.

Full many a soft old tune
I used to sing unto that deadened ear,
And suffered not the slightest footstep near,
Least she might wake too soon:
And hushed her brother's laughter as she
lay,
Ah! needless care! I might have let them
play.

T'was long ere I believed,
That this one daughter might not speak to
me;
Waited and watched, God knows how
patiently.
How willingly deceived,
Vain love was long the untiring nurse of
faith,
And tendered hope, until it starved to
death.

Oh! if she could but hear,
For one short hour till I her tongue
might teach
To call me mother in her broken speech,
That thrills the mother's ear.
Alas! those sealed lips never may be
stirred,
To the deep music of that lovely word.

My heart it sorely tries,
To see her kneel with such a reverent air
Beside her brothers at their evening
prayer.
Or lift those earnest eyes,
To watch our lips as though our words
she knew,
Then move her own as she were speak-
ing too.

* * * * *

Her face is very fair,
Her blue eyes beautiful, of finest mould,
The soft white brow o'er which in waves of
gold
Ripples her shining hair.
Alas! this lovely temple closed must be
For He who made it keeps the master
key.

How to Build a Toboggan Slide.

The correct grade for a toboggan slide should be a cycloid curve. It is that curve which a hawk makes when swooping upon its prey. Oppikoter has just showed that the beds of rivers are true cycloids.

A Sad Reflection.

Genius is a dazzling thing, but it won't plod. Talent is forced to plod or get left, and so with the instinct of self-preservation it generally plods. Genius starts out a petted darling, and ends by dodging the bailiffs and dying in the poorhouse, while talent raises a monument in its honor and pays the bill out of its well-filled pocket.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

His Chicagoes Discovered.

A man near Fayetteville, Tenn., built a fire one cool morning lately, and in a little while saw a pair of big black feet drop down the chimney. A little search revealed a colored neighbor of bad reputation stuck fast in it, and upon being released he said that, owing the householder ten cents, he had come to pay it and finding doors and windows fast, chose this mode of entrance; but as his shoes and an axe were left outside, his tale was not credited, and he was sent off to jail.

WASHINGTON'S HOME.

The "Oft Told Story" Told Once More.

However Old, it is at all Times Palatable Reading for the True-Blue American.

BY S. D. Y.

To those people who have a strong feeling of patriotism, and a love for historic associations, probably a visit to the home and tomb of George Washington will be one of the most interesting trips possible. Mt. Vernon lies quietly on the banks of the Potomac river about a two hours' sail from the great city of Washington. It is a sail full of interest on account of the associations of old war times. Soon after leaving the dock at Washington, the shady grounds of the Arsenal with its frowning guns and its long rows of black cannon balls are passed, while across the eastern branch of the river, the great towers of the Government Insane Asylum can be seen rising high above the surrounding trees. Sailing on down the river, a short stop is made at the old historic town of Alexandria. Twenty-five years ago saw this city a flourishing centre of commerce, with a brilliant future looming up before it, but in the cessation of slavery, it received a blow from which it has never recovered. Its great storehouses lie open and vacant, its people walk idly about the listless town and sun themselves on the empty and desolate wharves, while the roads are green and grass-grown. After leaving Alexandria, two more stops are made, one at Fort Foote, and still another at Fort Washington. These old defences in the troublous times of war, still stand firm and grim and gloomy, although a quarter of a century of peace has rolled over them, and great trees wave their branches fearlessly in front of the very mouths of the cruel black cannon on their tops. Then, crossing the river, the little steamer W. W. Corcoran, heads for a break in the woods, where, as it draws nearer, one can see a tiny wharf, and a modest little white board bearing the magic name, Mt. Vernon. It makes one's heart beat more rapidly to think of being on the very spot made sacred by that great man whose memory all Americans delight to honor. A neat little board-walk, winding up a hill, leads directly to the tomb, which is a brick structure with marble trimmings, and a massive iron door through which can be seen the marble sarcophagus containing the remains of Washington. Beside it is another, on which are carved the words, "Martha, the consort of Washington," while on the white spotless wall over the two coffins is the text, "I am the resurrection, and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." No more peaceful spot than this could have been found

for the last resting place of this noble man, and if he himself could have chosen the place for his burial, it would in all probability have been where it now is, in sight of the rolling, rippling river, in which he found so much delight. Leaving the quiet tomb, and its quiet occupants to their unbroken sleep, the visitor turns to the right, and climbs a gentle slope, where, directly before him rises the white hospitable old homestead which Washington called the garden spot of America. It is no wonder he loved it, and turned often to its peaceful beauty when his great heart was heavy with a Nation's welfare. The house, a great white old-fashioned, two-storied building, with low ceilings and tiny window panes, and great white pillars in front, is of wood, cut in imitation of stone. The centre was built by a brother of General Washington and the wings were afterwards added by the General himself. In front, the smooth green lawn slopes down to a thicket bordering the river's edge, in which one can sometimes see the graceful head of a tame deer rising with a frightened look in the great brown eyes, and then growing bolder, the beautiful creature will advance timidly and slowly to reach the outstretched hands in which lie some dainty morsel to tempt its fancy. Giant trees, a century and more old, hold their strong arms over the house, as if to protect it from harm, while sitting under the huge white pillars which support the roof of the veranda, the beautiful Potomac can be seen stretching away on every side. Behind the house is the garden laid out by Washington himself. None of the fancy landscape gardening of the present day is to be seen, but instead are quaint, angular beds of old-fashioned flowers, and paths bordered by the now despised box wood. When one plant dies, the careful gardener drops some of its seeds in the same spot in which it grew, so that another springs up, and thus the very blossoms of Washington's choice are perpetuated. At the four corners of the square old garden, there are four flowering shrubs, presented to Washington by his friend, Thomas Jefferson, and named by him, Washington, Adams, Jefferson and Madison. The house is filled with quaint old-fashioned furniture, and relics of Washington's life. In the hall is the key of that famous, wicked, old French prison, the Bastille, which was presented to Washington by Lafayette in 1789, when the prison was torn down.

The old library, which contained four hundred volumes, has been sold since the house passed into strange hands, and only six or eight of the original books remain; one of these, a queer old cookery book, is full of recipes for making wines, jellies, puddings and sauces, which everybody has forgotten about now.

In the music room can be seen the harpsichord which Washington gave to his step-daughter, Miss Nellie Custis, together with other odd mu-

sical instruments, and strange racks to hold music, and old-fashioned music books.

On the second floor is the room occupied by Lafayette during a visit to his friend; a small room, with a tall four-posted bedstead, so high that the gallant little Frenchman had to use a tiny set of steps in order to climb in. The bureau in this room, like those in the other rooms, is an awkward high-shouldered piece of furniture, with a small swinging mirror attached. It must have been hard work in those days for the society belles to obtain satisfactory glimpses of themselves when being arrayed for a ball.

Near Lafayette's room is the one in which Washington died, Dec. 14th, 1799. The bed is the same one on which he died, but the white hangings and curtains are only copies of the originals, as these were destroyed by some unprincipled persons. In the room is the little haircloth trunk which Washington took with him when he went to assume command of the American troops in 1775. A medicine chest is also there, full of dusty, dry bottles, from which, no doubt, many a suffering patriot obtained relief. Other articles of furniture are also there, old chairs, a remarkable looking secretary, some three-legged tables, and the old saddle bags used by Washington whenever he traveled. According to the custom of the times, the room in which a death occurred was unoccupied for two years, so Mrs. Washington closed its door, and took for herself a little room in the attic, a dark, cheerless place with a sloping roof, and only one small window, but she preferred this to the more spacious ones, because from the little window she could look out upon her husband's grave. In the east parlor can be seen the printed order for the funeral procession, and the newspapers of that time bordered in black, as the symbol of a nation's sorrow.

The story of Washington's life is an old story, one that is so well known that it has almost ceased to impress the hearer with its beauty and greatness, but standing under the shadow of the trees he planted with his own hands, one seems to go back a century in time, and be living again in the days of the early struggles of our Nation's life, struggles which might have been useless but for Washington's sagacity and courage, and a new feeling of reverence grows up within all loyal hearts, and with a subdued manner the interested visitor leaves the beautiful spot, with the well-known words ringing in his ears, "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

A Long Stretch.

Of the fast trains of the country the longest continuous run is that of 113 hours 25 minutes upon the Southern Pacific line from San Francisco to New Orleans, 2,495 miles. The average speed upon this line is twenty-two miles per hour.

The ♦ Silent ♦ Worker.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH

AT THE

New Jersey School for Deaf-Mutes.

TRENTON, SEPTEMBER 27TH, 1888.

WE are often asked questions about the tariff by our boys. We shall not give the answers that have a partisan bias, but in answer to many questions about the tax on wool we will say that we are told (we don't know anything about it ourselves), that it takes $3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of wool to make 1 pound of cloth, and the duty on wool is 10 cents a pound. If you want to find how much that amounts to on your coat ask Mr. Burd to let you weigh the garment on his scale, and work out the answer.

IN consequence of having promised our New York friend in our last issue of the past term to act on his suggestion and change our name, this paper will no longer be known as *THE TIMES*, but will hereafter appear as *THE SILENT WORKER*. Without being positive, we hope this time we have made no mistake, nor encroached on any of our contemporaries, and should such be the case we will again change, if apprised. While our new name would imply that we are to go about silently in our work, we will, as heretofore, be as loud-mouthed and fearless in the defense of the deaf as ever, and our enemies had better stand from under.

It is almost universally the case with both scholar and teacher after a vacation of two months, which has been devoted to sight-seeing and pleasure that the first day or two of the resumption of school is as much detested as the bitterest dose of old school medicine that could be administered, but strange to say we were not affected so this term. Everybody seems to have gotten a surfeit of play and resumed work with an energy and will, that if carried through the term, will not only be an educational benefit to the scholars, but a pleasure to the Professor and teachers alike, as very good results must follow. Our school is opening with very good prospects. Almost all the old scholars are back, and those who have not returned have signified their intention to do so in a week or two, and many new ones have been enrolled. It is Professor Jenkins' desire, which, with the untiring effort of all concerned must soon be accomplished, to put the New Jersey School on an equality with the leading schools of the country. The scientific and trades departments have so been organized that pupils graduating from them, will be ready to battle with the world's ups and downs with every chance of success that education affords.

OUR new name, on which we plaud ourselves a little, was suggested by our Steward, Mr. John Wright. It indicates quite aptly what we wish each of our pupils to become, and it may be taken as, in part, descriptive of Mr. Wright himself, as he is at least a *worker*, even if he is not particularly *silent*.

ON another page under the head of "Our Young Reporters," we print some interesting items contributed by the scholars, and in each case give the writer's name. We are glad to see the pupils take such an interest in the paper, and aside from benefiting them in their compositions it will enable their parents to note their progress from month to month.

It is always pleasant to have good neighbors, and we are glad to find our display at the Fair sandwiched in between the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co., and Messrs. Convery & Walker's exhibit of fine furniture. Our neighbors have shown themselves neighborly in various ways, and we congratulate them on their very attractive display of goods.

OUR pupils were all very glad to find, on their return this Fall, that they had nice soft beds, in place of the old hard ones, and that they had nice new bed-spreads. Now we hope that they will be very careful not to soil or injure any of these, and not to deface the freshly painted walls. The Legislature and the Trustees are very kind, to provide these things, and if the pupils are careful, they may buy many other things for them.

THERE is a French proverb which says that "he who excuses himself, accuses himself," but still there are times when an apology is proper, and we think that this is one of them. The idea of our School making an exhibit at the Inter-State Fair was first brought forward only about a week ago, and consequently no work of any importance could be specially prepared for the occasion. What we show is, therefore, just the common, every-day work of the pupils in the several departments, and all we claim for it is that it shows very fairly what we are doing. In connection with the work of the pupils of the school, our Superintendent has put in a few samples of the work of deaf-mutes, trained in similar institutions, to show what persons of this class, when educated, may be expected to do in after life. In this line, special attention is invited to the specimen of wood carving by Mr. W. H. Caldicott, of Newark, and to the photographs from the studio of Mr. Alex. L. Pach, of Easton, the latter a former pupil of Mr. Jenkins. Next year we think that some of our young lady pupils will prepare in time, and will make a very good contest for a premium in fancy work.

BELIEVING many residents of the State ignorant of such a place as the New Jersey School for Deaf-Mutes, and hoping this may reach their eyes, we take this means of giving them some information in regard to the eligibility of applicants. The New Jersey School for Deaf-Mutes was established by law in 1882, and was opened to receive pupils in 1883. All deaf persons, being legal residents of the State, not less than eight, nor more than twenty-one years of age, are entitled to the privileges of the Institution. The School is supported by the State—tuition and maintenance being free to all who are eligible. The pupils are taught the branches of a common school education, and are also instructed in some useful handicraft, so as to become worthy members of society. Governor R. S. Green is President, Hon. C. W. Fuller is Secretary and Hon. E. J. Anderson is Treasurer of the Board of Trustees. Correspondence for information and in regard to the admission of pupils should be addressed to Weston Jenkins, A. M., Superintendent.

WE call the attention of visitors to the Inter-State Fair to a special feature of our exhibit—namely, the specimens of the work of adult deaf-mutes, graduates of institutions similar to our own. The large four-panel screen painted by Mrs. T. F. Fox (*nee* Dillingham), of New York, the photographs from the studio of Mr. A. L. Pach, of Easton, the china decoration by Miss F. C. Hawkins, of New York, and the bit of wood carving by Mr. W. H. Caldicott, of Newark, are especially worthy of notice. With the exception of the last named, all these pieces are the work of graduates of the High Class, New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, who were pupils of Mr. Jenkins.

OUR out of town readers will have to forgive us this time if we have bored them with a subject that is entirely uninteresting to them, but next week is the fair week and we have the fever bad, and cannot help it.

A Young Mountain Climber.

Perhaps one of the most interesting excursions in the annals of Chamounix mountaineering took place yesterday, when Miss Flossie L. Morse, aged 13, accompanied by Mr. E. A. Evans and two other gentlemen, succeeded in making the ascent of Mount Blanc in one day, direct from Chamounix. It was done under exceptional difficulties, the wind on the Bosses des Dromadaires being so strong that the party were obliged to return to the Grand Plateau and reascend by the Corridor, Mur de la Cote, and the Petits Mulets. They left Chamounix at 8 P. M., working their way across the Glacier des Bossons by the aid of lanterns. The young lady is the youngest person of either sex that has ever made the "Grand Ascension." Mr. Evans, it may be remembered, succeeded some years ago in reaching the top in twelve hours, being the best time on record.

CITY NOTES.

Things That are Happening in the City.

The Board of Trade will meet to-night.

The Second Battalion of the New Jersey militia, who were in camp at Sea Girt in August, will be paid next week.

George S. Duryee will probably be nominated to-day by the President to be United States Attorney for the District of New Jersey.

The funeral of Councilman Vankirk will take place from his residence, No. 144 West State street, to-day. The members of Council and Typographical Union, No. 71, will attend the funeral.

The work of laying sewers in the streets of Trenton is going on, but not as rapidly as was expected. It seems that there is more rock and less earth than was expected. Mr. William Anderson, who has superintended much of the work done at the School, is Inspecting Engineer, and he will make the contractors do the work as speedily as possible.

A firm in East Trenton have undertaken the manufacture of electric storage-battery motors for street cars. By this system the cars can be run without connection with any wires or dynamo outside. At each trip the car is supplied with fresh batteries which drive it until it again returns to the station. If this plan proves successful it will give the poor car horse a much needed rest.

Yesterday the Democrats held their State Convention to nominate Presidential electors, and to-day the Republican Convention for the same purpose meets at Taylor Hall, Trenton. Our readers will understand that the people do not vote directly for Mr. Cleveland or Gen. Harrison, but for electors, who vote as their party wish them to for President. This is a good subject for teachers to explain to their pupils if they do not clearly understand it.

MR. JACQUES LOEW.

A Very Successful Deaf-Mute Manufacturer.

The genial and popular manufacturer, Mr. Jacques Loew, though a foreigner by race, by birth and by education, is yet one of the best known and most highly respected deaf-mutes in America. He is a native of Austria, and was educated in Vienna. On leaving school he learned the business of manufacturing that class of fancy articles, in leather and metal, which are known as "Vienna goods." He was very successful in this line, and invented some valuable processes of manufacture.

He came to this country, acquired a good command of the English language and secured a very lucrative position with a large manufacturing firm.

He married a deaf lady. Miss Sonneborn, of New York, a graduate of the Lexington Avenue School.

Mr. Loew is eminently a man of the world, having traveled widely, and having mixed much in the best society. He exhibits with pride gold medals awarded to him in World's Fairs for the superiority of goods manufactured by him.

Mr. Loew is liberal and warm hearted, of polished manners, active, shrewd and energetic, a model as a gentleman and a man of business.

OUR YOUNG REPORTERS.**Items Gathered and Contributed by**

MAY DOREMUS.

We were much surprised to see Walter Hartman and Ada Vanness return to school this fall, but we welcome them gladly. Ada is much fatter, and Walter much taller. In our school there is always room for one more.

LIZZIE MUNSON.

The majority of the girls in Miss Yard's class are Republicans, and are all eager to see Benjamin Harrison elected. There is only one Democrat in the class, and she has a hard time because there are so many red-hot Republicans around her to dispute with.

MARTHA KEATING.

This morning Louisa Geiger came here with her sister to stay for a little while, and to kiss us good-bye, for she is going to leave school and go to Philadelphia to live. She will go to school in Philadelphia and learn as much as she did at this school.

MICHAEL J. GORMAN.

The pupils often see Mr. E. O. Chapman in the office of the Inter-State Fair. It is near the O. P. O., on East State street. They are very glad to see him, and he likes the deaf boys. He was a trustee of this school, and he is always kind to the pupils.

JOHN B. WARD.

Last June and July I picked berries and I put them in the baskets. I worked for a man named Peter Murray. He gave me some money. I earned the money. Last August I helped my father work in his shop. Miss Gillin wears a prohibition badge on her waist.

VICTORIA A. HUNTER.

Mamie Springsteen spent a pleasant vacation at Oceanic. We regret to say that she lost her father two weeks ago, the funeral taking place on Monday last. She is coming back to school as soon as she can. Her friends and classmates sympathize with her deeply.

EDWARD HOWARD.

When at home I worked with the lawn mower for Mr. Dickinson, who owns the lawn mower. He paid me \$1 per day, and I raked the grass to finish my work. Mr. John Dickinson lives in Woodstown, N. J., in a large house. Peaches, pears and grapes grow on his farm.

JAMES WORTH.

Last summer I caught fish every day in Barnegat bay. I caught many fish every day. I went in a fast yacht called the Vapor. George R. Worth, Jr., owns the yacht Vapor. I went out fishing in the rain. My father caught perch, bass, blackfish flounder, weakfish, bluefish and bay-fish.

ADA M. VANNES.

On the evening of September 22d the girls attended a watermelon party which was given by the boys. This party was to celebrate the birthday of one of our semi-mute boys, R. C. Stephenson. There were about thirty-six boys and girls present. They danced and talked very merrily and had a nice time generally. This kind of a party is the first one we have ever had here since school opened. The girls enjoyed it very much and wish to express their appreciation of the boys' kindness through the columns of the paper.

FRANK NUTT.

Our school has opened this year with some encouraging prospects, and if the Trustees will allow Mr. Jenkins to have the school supplies for which he has so often asked, we have no doubt but what, at the end of the school year, our parents and friends will be gratified with the progress we have made.

MARY GEIGER.

Last Saturday Miss Sussie Yard and Miss Bessie Hall were playing lawntennis in our school yard. I want to learn to play lawntennis very much. When Miss Yard had finished playing Miss Hall asked Michael Gorman to play with her. Miss Hall laughed at Michael because he made many mistakes.

ELLA L. ECKEL.

The engagement of Miss Minnie Blaurock, of Orange, an ex-pupil of this school, to Mr. Henry Held, of Albany, N. Y., has been recently announced. It took place on the 8th of August. The friends of Miss Blaurock were all surprised, but all wish her much joy. Mr. Held is a graduate of the New York School.

CHARLIE T. HUMMER.

Last night I saw Mr. Jenkins correcting the proof which the boys printed. I think it is very nice to print the paper. Eddie Manning is a good printer and I think he can get some work when he leaves school. I would be very proud if I was a printer. Paul Kees is the devil of the printing office. Mr. Wood is a smart printing teacher. I would like to become a printing teacher.

PAUL KEES.

Last year Mr. Seymour, a Trustee of this School, looked in the pupils' bed-rooms and he decided to have new spring bottom beds for them. Last summer the Trustees bought many new spring beds for the deaf-pupils. The pupils are thankful to Mr. Seymour and the other Trustees for the beds. The beds are very comfortable. Mr. Seymour often comes to see the pupils, he takes an interest in them.

Changes in the Maryland School.

The following changes have taken place in the Maryland School for Deaf-Mutes: Mr. G. W. Veditz, a deaf-mute teacher and graduate from the National Deaf-Mute College, goes to the Colorado Institution at an increased salary. Miss Annie Barry, also a deaf-mute, and a graduate of the Maryland Institution resigns on account of her health. Mr. Cornelius H. Hill, of the North Carolina Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, has been appointed Principal of the West Virginia Institution at Romney.

SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

There is to be a cable from Java to Macassar.

The Suez Canal takes in about \$1,000,000 a month in tolls.

Spain is to build five or six ironclads in her own country.

There are 2,300 miles of mains for conveying natural gas in this country.

Texas is putting down artesian wells, one of which is to yield a million gallons per day.

The Portland and Vancouver Railroad has built a trestle across the bottom lands of the Columbia river 8,000 feet long, extending 700 feet into the stream.

THE CITY'S TEACHERS.**Prof. Gregory Explains his Attitude Toward Them.**

Chief Principal Gregory met the teachers of Trenton's public schools at the High School and in explaining his attitude toward them, said:

"I have a desire to develop the largest amount of individuality among you. Your ideas on some matters will be better than mine. Very well; then I want your ideas to prevail. I have some notions of my own. Possibly they are wrong; then I must abandon them. The new course of study is before you. Use will develop its points of weakness. Very well, let us know these points and let us change. In a word, I want your suggestions and criticism. I wish the frankest expression of opinion. I don't want my ideas to prevail. I want the truth to prevail. Of course, all this must be systematic. Criticism will of course be courteous, and changes will not be made except on consultation. But what I most earnestly long for in this matter is the highest development of your own power, and if you find that development shackled by any of my rules, let me hear from you.

"I want the best set of schools in the country, and I believe you do, too."

With regard to the course of study, he said: "First, the changes are in the line of reduction of work, especially in the primary grades. Second, the theory on which the course is based is not 'how much?' but what kind? I am after development, not cramming.

"I asked a teacher, Monday, if she was a good teacher. Mr. White came to her rescue in her embarrassment by saying, with strong emphasis, 'Yes, she is.' And yet the question is not so far out of the way. While you would not say to me 'I am a good teacher,' you know whether you are or not, that is, if you know what good teaching is. And you will tell me whether you are a good teacher this year, not by statements, but by your exhibition of your ability in your class. How? By the result of the examination. Heaven forbid. If there is one way better calculated than another to reduce the teacher to a machine, it is to get it clearly into her head that her standing and ability is to be ascertained in figures by an examination held at the end of the year, results to be preserved in the superintendent's office, and thus by these figures she is to be inexorably judged. To me, the idea of rating a teacher as fair because her class received 947, and another as moderate because she received 836, is horrible. Precisely the opposite may be the case. And yet I believe in the examination. It aids in determining several questions, the teachers' ability among others, but it is not the only, nor the first, nor the best means. I hope to see you teach, to watch your methods of handling the class, and to take in the relation between the class and yourself."

Welcome Visitors.

Mrs. Jenkins's mother, Mrs. R. B. Vandewater, of New York, and her brother, Mr. John Vandewater, spent a day at the school last week. Mr. Vandewater is the head of the firm of Vandewater & Co., Havana, Cuba, iron founders and machinists. He was very much pleased with the progress our boys are making in printing and other industrial arts.

A Very Good Selection.

Mr. James M. Seymour, a member of our Board of Trustees, has been appointed by President Cleveland Special Commissioner to the International Exposition to be held in Barcelona, Spain. This will make it necessary for Mr. Seymour to be absent from this country about two months. Mr. Seymour is eminently qualified for this place, as he is familiar with Spain, its language and its people, from a residence of some years in that country. He is also thoroughly acquainted, practically with American manufactures. All must agree that Mr. Cleveland did right this time.

He Has Our Sympathy.

We were very sorry to hear of the painful and dangerous accident which befell Major Anderson, the State Comptroller and Secretary of our Board of Trustees, in the first week of August. The Major was in Canada where he had gone for a brief rest from his exacting official duties, and to exercise his skill in angling, when he met with the fall which broke both bones of the lower leg and one bone in the foot. Mrs. Anderson was telegraphed for at once, and went on to Canada to care for him, and about the twenty-fifth of August our Steward, Mr. Wright, and Mr. William Anderson, the Major's brother, went on to take him to his home in Somerville, N. J. Since then he has suffered intensely, and has been in a very critical condition, but we are glad to learn that he is now thought to be out of danger.

Prof. Rider's Kindness.

Through the kindness of Prof. A. J. Rider, principal of the Capital City Commercial College, two of our young lady pupils—Miss Vanness and Miss Eckel—are receiving daily instruction in the use of the type-writer. As they are both quick and studious, and expert with their fingers, they will doubtless make rapid improvement. They have a prospect of obtaining employment as copyists after leaving school, if they become proficient in type-writing. Prof. Rider's interest in the deaf, and his generosity in affording them gratuitously the advantages of his excellent institution, deserve our warmest thanks. We trust that he and our other kind friends will find that the deaf are not, as has been sometimes imagined, ungrateful to their friends. We need a type-writer very much in our school, and Mr. Jenkins has applied to the Trustees for authority to purchase one.

Laura D. Bridgman.

Among the most interesting articles in our exhibit at the fair is a plaster cast of a bust executed in marble by Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne, of the celebrated blind deaf-mute, Laura D. Bridgman. Miss Bridgman was born in Hanover, N. H., Dec. 21st, 1829, and was sent for education to the South Boston Institution for the Blind, then under the management of Dr. S. G. Howe, the well-known philanthropist, one of the ablest and most unselfish men who ever engaged in work for the afflicted classes. The story of her education under the enormous difficulties caused by her double misfortune has been admirably told by her former teacher, Mrs. Lamson. It is truly wonderful that under such disadvantages, she learned so much as she did. The bust represents Miss Bridgman at the age of seventeen, and is said to be an excellent likeness of her at that age.

LEADING DEAF-MUTES.

A Short Sketch of Their Eventful Lives.

Although in Difficult Vocations—They are all Masters of the Situation.

REV. HENRY W. SYLE.

The father of Mr. Syle is of English birth, but came to this country soon after completing his studies, and married a Miss Winter, of Maryland, a near relative of the distinguished statesman Henry Winter Davis. He decided to enter the field of missions, and was sent by the P. E. Church to China, where he labored for many years. Afterwards he was a professor in the University of Tokio, Japan, and after leaving this position he came to the United States, and has since made his home with his son in Philadelphia.

The subject of this sketch lost his hearing at the early age of four years, but being unusually bright, he had already learned to read. He attended Prof. Bartlett's school in Poughkeepsie, afterwards studying in the American Asylum in Hartford, from which he passed to Trinity College in the same city. He subsequently went to England, and entered St. John's College, Cambridge, where he studied for two years.

On his return to the United States, he secured a position as teacher in the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

While teaching in this school he carried on his studies, and passed with credit the examinations for the degree of B. A., in Yale College.

He then took up the studies of the course in mining engineering and metallurgy in Columbia College, New York.

After completing this course Mr. Syle secured a position in the U. S. Mint at Philadelphia, in which his services were highly valued, as, in addition to his scientific attainments, he possessed a knowledge of foreign languages which enabled him to translate letters and documents received at the Mint from different European countries. While employed at the Mint Mr. Syle engaged in mission work among the adult deaf-mutes in Philadelphia, under the auspices of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Becoming convinced that he could do more good in this way than in any other, he decided to study for the ministry, and he accordingly went through the entire course of study, and passed the examinations of the Episcopal Theological Seminary. He was in due course ordained deacon and priest, and entered on the work of the ministry as assistant at St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia. Mr. Syle felt that there ought to be a church in that city expressly for the deaf, and by his own unaided efforts he has raised money enough to purchase a suitable building which is now undergoing the necessary alterations. When the building is ready for use Mr. Syle will be, so far as we know, the first deaf rector of a church of deaf persons.

Mr. Syle is a very facile and graceful writer. Among his literary productions are the elaborate articles on the Deaf and Dumb, in the latest edition of Appilton's Cyclopaedia, a Retrospect of the Education of the Deaf, an excellent monograph in pamphlet form and numerous articles in magazines and newspapers.

Mr. Syle is slight of build, but, as may be judged by the above account, capable of long and severe mental exertion.

His appearance is that of a scholar, and his conversation sparkles with wit, and is adorned with frequent and apt quotations from a very wide range of reading.

While in New York he married Miss Maggie J. Flannery, a graduate of the New York Institution, and their union has been blessed with several bright children, none of whom has inherited the deafness of the parents.

Considered as a scholar and a man of letters, Mr. Syle has won a place which entitles him to respect, and he needs no allowance on the score of his misfortune, in comparing his attainments and abilities with those of his professional brethren and associates.

H. HUMPHREY MOORE, ARTIST.

The subject of this sketch is a Philadelphian by birth, the son of a merchant in that city. He received his education at an excellent private school at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., conducted by the late Prof. Bartlett, where deaf and hearing children were taught together. After leaving Prof. Bartlett's school, Mr. Moore studied at the Hartford Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, where he was graduated with high honors.

As he showed a marked talent in the direction of art, his father sent him to Europe, where he became a pupil of the renowned Gerome, and afterwards of Fortuny. While traveling through Spain, sketching and collecting bric-a-brac, he formed an attachment for, and married a beautiful lady of one of the oldest families among the Spanish nobility. Don Carlos, who, at that time, held a large part of Northern Spain, was present at the wedding to give away the bride.

At the Centennial Exhibition in 1876, Mr. Moore was represented by his painting of "Almei" a figure of a Moorish dancing girl, which was pronounced by the New York *Nation* to be the finest work, in point of coloring, in the American department. This picture, which was valued at \$10,000, was destroyed by fire a few years afterwards.

About the year 1880, Mr. Moore selected Japan as a field for study, and spent about eighteen months in that interesting country, where he made studies for many paintings which have found ready purchasers at high figures. Mr. Moore has fixed his studio permanently in Paris, where he is at home among his brother artists, and in the exclusive society of the old Legitimist families, though he is no less cordial than of old to his American friends.

In person Mr. Moore is rather below the medium height, of robust build, active and energetic in his movements, with a quick, sparkling eye, and mobile, expressive features.

He is, perhaps, the most striking example of success in a difficult calling, attained by any deaf-mute in this country.

JOHN CARLIN.

The name of this veteran artist, writer and sign orator is familiar to every one who is interested in the education and welfare of deaf-mutes in this country. Mr. Carlin received the rudiments of his education in the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, but he has been a hard student all his life, and is eminently a self-educated man.

Having an insatiable thirst for knowledge, he not only perfected himself in the use of the English language, but studied with good success, Latin, French and Spanish.

What was still more difficult for a person deaf from infancy, he made a careful study of English poetry, and composed verse in various metres to test his mastery of rhyme and rhythm.

Some of his attempts show a poetic imagination, and although the rhythm at times is defective, it is wonderful that a man writing without any idea of sound could, in general, get the correct measure as Mr. Carlin has done.

Mr. Carlin followed for many years the profession of miniature portrait painter in New York, and obtained a high reputation in that line.

By the proceeds of his work he was able not only to support his family, but to buy a residence in West Twenty-fifth street, where he has lived for many years.

He married a deaf-mute lady, and has several children, all of whom can hear. Though Mr. Carlin's hair is silver white, his eye is still as keen as a hawk's, and his movements show all the fire of youth. He takes an interest in every thing that is done for the benefit of the deaf, and is always ready to stand up for their cause. The name of John Carlin is one which all the deaf should regard with pride and reverence. Age, a pure character, a kind heart, artistic talent, and an indomitable will always directed towards the accomplishment of high and noble purposes unite in him to command our esteem and affection.

REV. JOB TURNER.

Mr. Turner is a native of Connecticut, and was educated in the American Asylum for Deaf-Mutes in Hartford. He was for many years a teacher in the Virginia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in Staunton. When already well along in middle life, he decided to abandon the profession of teaching, and to enter the ministry. He was ordained in the P. E. Church, and has since devoted himself to missionary work among the deaf-mutes of America. There is hardly a State or a Territory in which he has not traveled looking up the lost sheep of the deaf-mute flock, and offering them his wise counsel and his consoling sympathy. He has, we believe, visited every school for the deaf in this country. At any rate, he is a welcome, and not an infrequent guest in most of our institutions, and at the social gatherings of the deaf-mute societies. Mr. Turner's figure is short and thickset, and his hair is snowy white, but his eye is as bright as in youth. When in Colorado, in 1886, he made the ascent of Pike's Peak, 14,000 feet above sea level, an undertaking from which many younger men shrank. Mr. Turner is a remarkably graceful and effective sign maker, and exerts a wide influence for good upon the deaf-mutes throughout the country.

The Great Eastern.

The largest ship ever built, the Great Eastern, was last week beached on the Mersey, near Liverpool. This large ship while a success in marine architecture has been more than a failure financially, and many fortunes have been lost by her several owners. On her trial trip in 1859 seven persons were killed, and with the exception of laying several cables, every attempt by her owners to make anything out of her has proven disastrous.

To Meet in America.

The International Geological Congress which ended last week in London, has decided to hold its next meeting, which occurs in 1891, in Philadelphia. The American delegates are much gratified with having the next meeting held in America as it will be the first in this country.

John M. Stout, Bicyclist.

The Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser* speaks as follows of the exhibition given at the International Fair by John M. Stout, the deaf trick bicycle rider, on the 12th inst:

John Stout, the celebrated mute bicyclist of Smithville, N. J., gave a long exhibition of trick riding on his wheel on the track, immediately after the cattle parade. His wonderful balancing and daring manœuvres won the hearty applause of the crowds of people up and down the quarter stretch. He would waltz on his wheel, stand on his head, ride sideways and paddle with one foot and perform a hundred-and-one seemingly impossible feats. Riding over a box and balancing one wheel on top, riding on the little wheel backwards and forwards, and going up and down an inclined stairway, excited the most applause, though he heard or heeded it not, for unfortunately the brilliant young bicyclist is deaf and dumb. Manager Henry E. Ducker, of this city, who has managed the bicycle tournament so successfully, and who is perhaps the best posted man in the country on 'cycling, says that Mr. Stout is the champion trick rider in the world on a Star wheel.

ALEX. L. PACH'S WEDDING.

Married in Newark to Miss Joanna S. Stewart.

Mr. Alex. L. Pach, of Easton, Pa., and Miss Joanna S. Stewart, of Newark, N. J., were married at the residence of the bride's father, in the latter city, on Wednesday, Sept. 19th, at seven o'clock in the evening.

A very pleasant company assembled for the occasion, filling the rooms as closely as consistent with comfort.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Mann, after the form of the Methodist Episcopal Church. After the ceremony, and the offering of congratulations to the bride and groom, an elegant collation was served, and an hour of pleasant conversation followed.

The presents were both useful and beautiful, and included three certified checks, some choice etchings and the usual amount of silver, books and bricabrac.

The happy pair started, late in the evening on their wedding tour, which was a brief one, as Mr. Pach finds the demands of his growing business as the head of a photographic establishment too imperative to allow any long absence.

Mr. Pach is a graduate of the High Class, New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, where his instructor was our present Superintendent, Mr. Jenkins.

The bride is a graduate of the New York Normal College, and is a charming and amiable lady. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Weston Jenkins, of this School, E. A. Hodgson, M. A., Editor *Deaf-Mutes Journal*, Mr. Geo. S. Porter, foreman of the printing office in the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and Mr. Albert Ballin, the well-known deaf-mute artist of New York.

We all wish the newly married pair happiness and prosperity.